

Robins Are On a Lead Limb That Is Cracking

Must Win Tuesday Or Indians Will Have World's Baseball Title Sewed Up—Coveleskie Anxious to Make It Three Straight Over the Dodgers.

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 12.—The authentic statistics in the case seem to be that unless the disappearing Dodgers can trim Stanley Coveleskie in the seventh game the series will conclude abruptly around 3:45 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. When Duster Mails upset Sherrod Smith in Monday's battle by the score of 1 to 0, the big southpaw crowded Brooklyn out on the end of a dead limb that is now cracking in two spots. The two eminent side wheelers were locked together like a pair of grizzlies, but Mails, holding Brooklyn to three flabby hits, deserved to win.

Smith fought back gamely in front of fancy support, but the lights blew out in the sixth, when Speaker singled with two gone, and Burns drove the brilliant Texan over with a long double to left. It was at precisely this moment that Brooklyn's chance to win the series began to assume a moth-eaten aspect.

Mails the Boy.

With Mails stopping each Dodger in his tracks there was nothing else to it, and the victorious upstart came from the big crowd was to all intents and purposes a championship game; the exultant howl of the tribe denoting the big win. The Dodgers dropped their third battle in a row upon Cleveland soil, for the same old reason—inability to score.

In their three Cleveland games they have contributed exactly two tallies to the cause of Brooklyn humanity.

Coveleskie held them to one run on Saturday, and while they tapped Jim Bagby for 13 hits on Sunday, the best they could do from this salvo of swats was another game tally. In their third effort they fell to three hits and nothing like a run. So with Coveleskie and his Polish spitter waiting in the offing on Tuesday afternoon you can figure for yourself just what the outlook is. The answer is simple enough. The Dodger attack has gone to seed, their batting has been entirely too light, and their base running has been a joke. They have never been able to start a concentrated drive and keep it going for even a roof. In the six games played they have scored but eight runs, hardly more than a run to a battle. Their defensive play has been exceptionally good with both Kilduff and Olson starting, and with the entire outfield on the job. But you don't collect runs through any fancy fielding, which Smith felt to his aid in a hopeless enterprise in his second start. If he had shut the Indians out for a dozen innings the best he could have done was to tie. He never had a chance to win with Mails breaking up the Brooklyn attack as it was made out of dry cedar. Once in a while Mails gave indications of wildness, but the Dodgers refused to wait him out.

Robins Have Chance.

In the fourth, for one notable example, Myers singled with one out, and Koney walked on four pitched balls. Here, if at all, was the spot for Mails to start something, couldn't wait. He went after two bad balls well away from the plate, and the Cleveland southpaw then had time to get his bearings and settle down. From that point on the big left-hander who saved Cleveland's season hopes by his brilliant performance was up to the task. In the last five frames he allowed but one hit, mixing his speed, curves and control into a snappy potpourri for Brooklyn's championship desire.

Outside of Mails the big factor in Cleveland's success was the great work of George Burns. The speaker was not only scored by a winning double, but his play around the bag was jam, up all through the afternoon. Smith spent most of the afternoon in a peevish humor. Through innuendo after innuendo he complained bitterly of Empire's judgment on balls and strikes, and several times he accused her of hurled his bat to the dugout after Connolly had called him out. But this apparently didn't affect his pitching, and the odds would have been sound enough to win.

The greatest pitcher in the world can win without a crowd. One of the greatest crowds of the series stormed the ball park again. After every square inch of space had been filled with a human sea, thousands still stood in line outside in the vain hope of coming through. Through the hazy Indian summer afternoon you could see the backs of many a head, and many a pair of hands or feet clinging to the railings of Ohio maples. The slogan here had been "four straight at home," and every one wanted to see the game completed. As a result of her light hitting and light scoring Brooklyn came out with a new lease on life, and needs but one more game, and Coveleskie is ready, after a two days' rest, to pick up where he left off on Sunday.

For the first time in history the game must win three in a row by beating Coveleskie, Bagby and Mails, the trio who have held her to a brace of underfired runs in the three games had happened.

Mails Gets Revenge.

In the meanwhile Mails' revenge is complete. In 1917 the Dodgers cast him aside as one unworthy of their select pitching society. Back in Brooklyn, when Ray Caldwell had been hammered out, Mails held the Dodgers scoreless for seven innings; yesterday he added nine more. For sixteen innings he has held the Dodgers scoreless, and he has done it, working them like mannikins made of wood. It's the old story of the cast-off returning to bite the hand that fed him. Baseball is a cruel game, and few revenges have been more complete than Mails'. If he had signed a truce yesterday Brooklyn would have tied the series with an even chance today, but he refused to break in the toughest pitching assignment of the entire series. He gave a gaudy exhibition of coolness and skill and the Dodgers helped him out by refusing to wait.

Brooklyn's defensive play was sounder than Cleveland's, as the Dodgers played errorless ball against three misplays for the almost champions. Sewell slipped twice, and Gardner contributed another bobble, but all this failed to bother Mails. Even after Sewell and Gardner had helped fill the bases on errors in the second inning, Mails showed no disposition to take on a nervous attitude. He merely kept on pitching ball as if nothing of an untoward nature had happened.

The sixth was the only inning where Cleveland could bunch two blows off Smith, but those two were meaty ones, during a three-minute landing in the left-field seats. It was a terrific smash beyond all reach. Speaker himself couldn't have brought it down, and that is the ultimate answer in the case. By winning these three games at home the Indians have the town in a frenzy of joy. For the first time in history the big banner of the game is about to flutter above the Buckeye metropolis, and on this occasion no set of crooked legs are figured in the outcome.

Indians Best Club.

Cleveland has taken her big lead by a far stronger and a far more

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus



YOUNG DEMPSEY BEATS KID RYAN IN SOUTHERN GO

Local Flyweight Takes Measure of Springfield Glovster in Fast Bout Monday Night. Martinelli Stops Rivers.

BY BOB FIGUE.

Young Jack Dempsey, Memphis flyweight, fought the best fight of his career at the Southern Athletic club Monday night when he turned out an eight-round victory over Kid Ryan, of Springfield. The mill was brilliant with action throughout, and was without a doubt one of the best bouts that has been staged at the club in many weeks.

In the other half of the double windup, Gene Martinelli disposed of Young Joe Rivers in three and one-quarter rounds.

DEMPSEY HAS FIVE.

According to our tabulation of the fight by rounds, Dempsey had five to his credit, Ryan two and one was a draw. The first round was a fifth, seventh and eighth, while Ryan carried away the honors in the first and sixth chapters. The second was a draw.

Ryan started well against Dempsey, and in the opening canto it appeared as if he was going to give the local glovster a lesson. Ryan clearly had the margin in the opening session, slugging Dempsey all over the ring and rocking him with left blows without number. The right side of Dempsey's face was a lurid crimson as the result of the lefts that Ryan rained upon the local lad's jaw.

In the second round Ryan again started well, and had the honors in the first half of the session, but in the last minute of milling, Dempsey cut loose and gave Ryan a lesson in boxing. Ryan was hit and the round was a draw.

Ryan possessed the longer reach and was about five pounds heavier than Dempsey, but the local youngster appeared not to mind the handicap and fought his larger opponent from bell to bell, giving and taking, and giving more than he took. At the end of the third round just as Ryan was about to get a lesson in boxing, he was hit and the round was a draw.

In the fourth the two boys fell through the ropes into the laps of ringers. It was an unintentional on the part of Ryan, who forced Dempsey to the ropes, and who could not check himself in time to keep from

toppling over. In the fourth and fifth Dempsey had the margin easily, but in the sixth Ryan staged a comeback, and outfought Dempsey in the half dozen count. Ryan appeared to take on new life during the sixth and gave Dempsey a good pasting while it lasted. But after the sixth Ryan evidently decided he couldn't win over Jack, and was given a lacing in the last two sessions which made Dempsey's victory assured.

The last round ended with both boys in a clinch in the center of the ring dealing out body punishment. Referee Billy Haack elevated Dempsey's right glove in token of victory. His decision was popular for two reasons, first, because Dempsey won decisively, and second, because he is a home boy.

Ryan fought a good, clean fight, and was repeatedly applauded by local fans for his fair tactics.

GENE SCORES KAYO.

Gene Martinelli, local welterweight, came out of retirement Monday night to meet Young Joe Rivers, a home-grown welter, in the first half of the double windup. Gene laid Rivers away with appropriate ceremonies, not having to extend himself to flatter Rivers.

It was apparent as soon as the two boys squared off for action that Rivers feared Gene's knockout wallop, and in the opening session, when Martinelli slammed Rivers on the jaw with a terrific right cross, Rivers showed that he wasn't having the best time in the world. Rivers used the hit-and-run tactics, doing more running than hitting. The first round was even and Martinelli had the second and third, having Rivers growl under in the first half of the double windup, and Gene laid Rivers away with appropriate ceremonies, not having to extend himself to flatter Rivers.

As given as the fourth started Martinelli stepped out and started raining rights to Rivers' jaw and body, and Rivers crumpled up on the canvas. His manager, Matt Allen, yelled for him to get up, and Rivers struggled to his feet after Referee Haack had counted five. Martinelli was on top of him again, and sent over another fusillade of gloves that flattened Rivers near his own corner. He was not counted out, but was clearly dead to the world, and was picked up by Referee Haack and carried to his corner, where he was revived.

Young Peter Jackson and Pick-handle Slim slugged four rounds to a draw in the only preliminary of the evening. After watching the fight for four rounds, Referee Haack was unable to decide which one of them was the worst, so he called it a draw, which was well, as there was no fighting done in the four sessions, and both appeared to be scared to death.

Hambone Murphy was the survivor in the battle royal, leading the ring of all comers. Hambone fought two two-minute rounds with Black Jack Johnson and made him quit.

One of the best houses in several weeks witnessed the milling. Leo Schneider warbled for the fans, and was given a big hand.

Fort Worth's attendance for its second Sunday game of the series was given out at \$300. Fort Worth players got \$551 each for their share of the receipts, and Little Rock players got \$350 each.

150,832 Fans See Six Games; Pay Sum Of \$480,888

CLEVELAND, Oct. 12.—World series figures given out last night show a total attendance of 150,832 for the six games. Receipts were \$480,888, of which the national championship receives \$48,088.80, the two clubs \$217,224.40 and the players who shared only in the first five games, \$214,576.26.

CARPENTIER READY TO MEET LEVINSKY

French Champion Says He's Confident He Will Win Over U. S. Light Heavy.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 12.—Georges Carpentier, French war hero and European heavyweight champion, tonight will engage in a 12-round bout with Battling Levinsky, American light-heavyweight title holder. Under the New Jersey boxing law no decision is permitted.

The contest, regarded as a tryout for the French boxer to determine whether he would make a suitable opponent for Jack Dempsey, world's champion, will be held in the open air in Jersey City baseball park. Part of the weather is forecast.

Both men are clever boxers, but the Frenchman is credited with possessing the stronger punch, having scored spectacular one-round knockouts over two English champions, Bombardier Wells and Joe Beckett. Equal in height, the two boxers are also expected to weight about the same, probably slightly under 155 pounds. The American has a slight advantage in reach.

"I appreciate I am under inspection," Carpentier declared. "My work will be watched closely and critically by a jury that is educated in the lore of fistfights. I am ready. I will win."

"I am in shape and that tells everything," Levinsky said. "You will get a big surprise Tuesday night if you think the Frenchman can beat me. I'm going to knock him over."

Another international six-round contest will bring together Ted (Kid) Lewis, European welterweight champion, and Marcel Thomas, holder of the French welterweight title.

Owners of the baseball park here used the local club of the South Atlantic association, have refused to lease the field for any game in which Joe Jackson and Claude Williams, suspended Chicago White Sox players, would take part.

FAIR GOLFERS IN MIDST OF CITY TITLE TOURNAMENT

Qualifying Round at Memphis Country Club Brings Out Cream of Local Feminine Golf Stars.

The cream of local feminine golfing stars is represented in the annual women's city golf tournament, which started Tuesday morning over the links of the Memphis Country club, when the qualifying round was begun.

The qualifying round will be completed by tonight Tuesday and the first round will get underway Wednesday.

Only 24 golfers were entered in the qualifying round, but others are expected to get in before the day's play has been completed. Among those entered are Mrs. Dave Gault, who reached the semifinal of the women's national championship in Cleveland during the past week, only to be eliminated by Mrs. J. V. Hurd, who in turn yielded to Alexa Stirling, the golfing wizard of Atlanta.

Gault is at present champion of local women golfers, and is the favorite to win in the tournament just beginning, as she has been playing fine game of late, and should be able to keep up her fine playing during the tournament.

Following is the list of pairings for the qualifying round:

- Mrs. Duffield (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Towner (Colonial).
- Mrs. Beasley (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Dooley (Colonial).
- Mrs. Shortle (Memphis) vs. Mrs. House (Colonial).
- Mrs. Humphreys (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Fowler (Colonial).
- Mrs. Polk (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Parker (Colonial).
- Mrs. McKinney (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Bell (Colonial).
- Mrs. Walker (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Venn (Colonial).
- Mrs. Ballard (Memphis) vs. Mrs. McDonald (Colonial).
- Mrs. Tate (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Martin (Colonial).
- Mrs. Livingston (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Meyers (Overton).
- Mrs. Hodges (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Lesser (Ridgeway).
- Mrs. Wagner (Colonial) vs. Mrs. Wales (Overton).
- Mrs. Gault (Memphis) vs. Mrs. Guthrie (Colonial).

Julius Goodman and Clarence Saunders have offered trophies for the winners. Mr. Goodman has generously donated a cup for the medalist.

Play will continue each day, with the finals for the city title on Saturday.

Read News Scimitar Wants.

INDIANS NEARLY READY FOR ROBIN POT-PIE

With Stanley Coveleskie on the Firing Line, Tris Speaker's Tribe Counting on the Big Feast Tuesday Afternoon. Brooklyn Batting Eyes Missing.

BY BOB FIGUE.

A Robin potpie will be the piece de resistance at the festal board of the Cleveland Indians Tuesday evening if Stanley Coveleskie, the Polish member of the redskin hurling staff, can spitball his way to his third win of the series over Uncle Wilbert Robinson's Robins in Cleveland, in the seventh game of the big baseball classic. The Indians have won four games out of the six played, and a victory Tuesday would crown Tris Speaker and his tribe the monarchs of baseballdom.

By dint of great hitting and still greater pitching, the Speaker clan has picked the Robins as clean as a two-month-old springer. Three wins out of six many starts in Cleveland is the fine record the Indians have piled up during the last 54 hours, and with only one more decision to bag the Indians are already counting the series as won.

MORALE SHATTERED.

The morale of the Brooklyn club has been sadly shattered during the past few days, and especially did the blow of Sunday prove the one which came home to everybody named Robby. When Eider Smith exuded his four-ply crash over the fence with three Redskins roosting on the paths in the opening inning of Sunday's game, it created consternation among the forces of the Flatbush crew, until at the present every pitcher who works is up in the air on account of his fear that some other member of the Indians will get the range and break up the ball game then and there.

When Burleigh Grimes went down like the Titanic after having held the Indians in the hollow of his hand upon his first start, it marked the beginning of the end. Having defeated Grimes, the Indians figured that no pitcher that Robinson had to offer could top them.

Robby sent his hurling ace, Sherry Smith, the gigantic left-hander, against the Indians in an effort to even the score at three all, and Sherry performed nobly, but Walter Mails, the portside Indian, performed even more nobly than did Smith of Flatbush.

Smith pitched excellent ball except for one fatal frame when Tris Speaker singled and George Burns followed with a crash that came within an ace of dropping over into the stands for a home run. It was held to a two-bagger, but Speaker raced around the satchels like Man o' War coming down the stretch, and the Robins were again again.

When Smith was trimmed, it marked the last Brooklyn ace that Robby had left. He is still trying to bluff, but Tris Speaker has a handful of aces that Uncle Robby can not top. Tris has a royal flush, and is merely waiting for the show down, which will come Tuesday afternoon.

COVEY'S BIG JOB.

The Indians have won three straight. Coveleskie has copped on his first two starts. The Indians are beginning to get a new lease on life. So it looks from here that it's all over but the counting of the shekels that Tris Speaker and his men will get for winning the pennant and world's championship for Cleveland. Coveleskie says he can beat the Robins again. If the Robins can get over the hump, and get a help against the Robby pitcher, they still may win. But even though they get over the hump, they are not yet out of the woods, and would be obliged to cop their next two.

And there ain't no such animal, wily Speaker, Smith, Evans, Wamby, Sewell & Co., performing as they have in the past few days.

Joe Sewell evidently had corn-on-the-cob for lunch, and some of the butter was still on his fingers for he fumbled two chances in the wash-day melee.

However, his boots didn't cost anything, due to the fact that Tris Speaker, the human centipede, was out in center. Spoke hauled down a drive with the sacks choked that shut the Robins off without a tally.

ROBBY'S PREDICTION.

The other day when Brooklyn was leading Cleveland two games to one, Uncle Wilbert Robinson, the anti-lean manager of the Dodgers, gets himself all optimistic and, if he was quoted correctly, he let out a nifty below about as follows: "We are gonna win; no team has ever lost."

Speaker is no more essential to the Indians than his rider is to a ship or a mairlharping to a watch.

Selling boys' toggery isn't everything in our young life—not by a long sight. We'd much rather make friends and feel that we are right in our toggery ideas than just get a boy in—put any old suit or overcoat of any old pattern on him and say—It's a little large now—but maybe you'll grow to it.

Whenever you are Phil A. Halle togged—you are wearing clothes that are sold you in a friendly way and with lots of personal service ideas all around—and that's just the way we want you to feel about it.

And just because we have a wonderful fitter to fit you perfectly and insist upon smart fabrics and confined patterns—you'll find all of our quality toggery priced the same or less than the ordinary kind bought just anywhere.

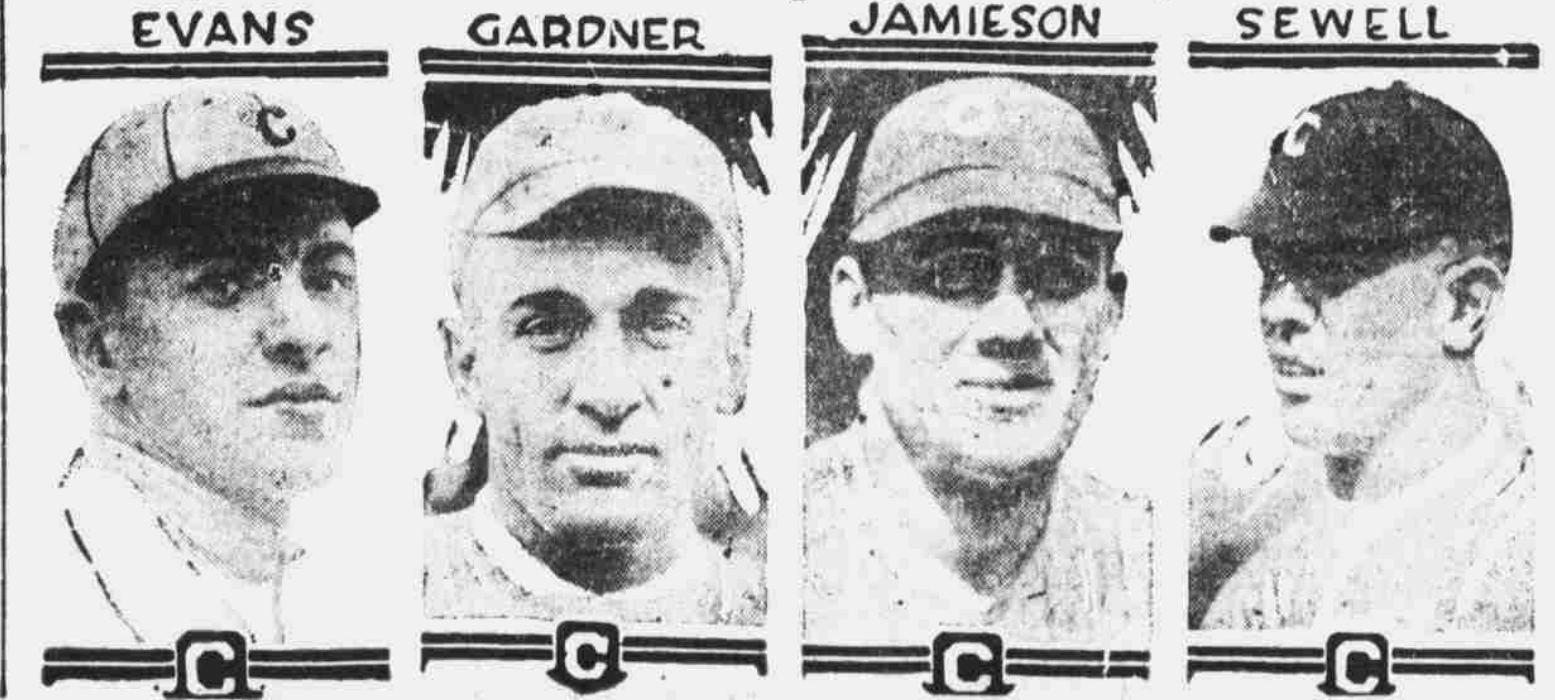
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This Quartet of Indians Helping to Scalp the Palefaces



MAILS HAD EDGE ON SHERRY SMITH

CLEVELAND, Oct. 12.—Analysis of the pitching records in Monday's game show that Mails and Smith were working on the batters in much the same fashion. The Cleveland hurler's superiority lay entirely in the fact that he allowed fewer hits and scattered them better than his opponent.

Mails threw the ball to the batters 99 times, while Smith's efforts totaled 103 in eight innings. The local lad shot 25 strikes, 8 foul strikes, 26 called balls, 2 fouls, forced 13 men out on files and 12 on grounders. He allowed three hits in as many innings.

Smith twirled 38 strikes, 7 foul strikes, 28 called balls, 3 fouls, retired eight batters on files and 12 on the ground. He allowed seven hits, however, but only in the sixth, when Speaker's single and Burns' double scored Cleveland's run, could the Indians get more than one safe blow to an inning.

Read News Scimitar Wants.